

# The World

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Everybody Seems to Have Entered  
the Competition.

Julian Hawthorne Likely to Be Dizzy  
Before the Tournay Closes.

Each Mail Brings Hundreds of Dreams  
to "The Evening World" Office.

## CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A gold double eagle goes to the author of the most remarkable dream. Julian Hawthorne, the popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as short as possible (many of those received are altogether too long) and, above all, interesting.

## Lucky Boy!

I dreamed last night that I challenged Jake Kilrain to fight in some Western town, but when I came to the ring he refused to fight, and I was awakened by this alarm clock.

X. Y. Z., Brooklyn.

## A Dream of the Turf.

I dreamed that the flying machine had been perfected, but the United States had been refused to keep out the good things the flyers would bring us.

G. H. FREEDOM.

## Caught His Own Nose.

I dreamed that some long-nosed animal was creeping between me and the wall. I grasped it, and in my efforts to conquer it I awoke, and to my surprise I had a tight grip on my own nose.

W. H. FOX.

## The Dream Was Five Minutes Slow.

Shortly after having a watch presented to me I was sent to Pittsburgh, where I dreamed that I had neglected to wind it and it stopped at 7.20, and in reality it stopped at 7.25—just five minutes after the time indicated in my vision.

FRANK, 488 Ninth street.

## A Sombre Regiment.

I dreamed that while walking up Sixth avenue I encountered a regiment of soldiers in gray uniforms running down the avenue with leveled bayonets. Two of the soldiers carried large American flags, while a dozen or more carried huge black banners, and at the last came a negro with a black flag that seemed to float over the heads of the running soldiers like an immense black cloud.

WILLIAM, Hudson street.

## No Faith in Dream "Tips."

As a reader of your valuable paper I take the liberty of relating my dream, which is just the opposite of R. A. D.'s. Some time ago I dreamed that Flush won, I played and lost. I played the second time and lost again. Later I dreamed that Carlow paid \$25.00 straight in the money. I played this time and lost also. I therefore decided that dream "tips" are not worth playing.

L. F. W.

## Another "Syndicate" Dream.

I was a great admirer of the story "The War Syndicate." So one night about 11 o'clock, as I was reading the last chapter of the story, I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was to give the signal when the crabs were to bombard London. Having given the required signal, I had barely reached a place of safety when I was startled by hearing a terrible report. I jumped up from the chair and found that the clothes-hole in the yard had fallen down.

H. M. G.

## It Was an Omen of Death.

In the year 1877 I was on a voyage from New Bedford to Africa. On the 9th day of June, at 3 o'clock A.M. I was aroused from a dream by the calling of the port watch. I thought I was in a graveyard, strolling among the tombstones. While there I saw a funeral procession come up the road. I watched the caulk as it was brought to the grave, and listened to the burial service, then the pastor said that all who desired to look on the face of the deceased for the last time could do so. As I bent forward to look the lid flew up and closed. Three times I tried to

## THAT OUTRAGE.

Continued from First Page.

look, and three times the lid shut. Then the sexton said it was not for me to see the face of the deceased, and as I turned away I was awakened by the calling of the watch. The dream impressed me so much that I entered it in my diary. Some two months after that I got a letter in Kalendron from my father, saying my mother had died on June 9 at 5 o'clock. My dream came at 3 A. M. THE DREAMER.

"Two All Too True." A short period before my marriage I dreamed that I stood in my bridal dress before a mirror, when to my horror I saw on my left shoulder a large rosette of black crepe with a sash that touched the ground. In my dream I found myself married, and some time had elapsed, when, to my great sorrow, I found myself deserted by my husband. My sorrow was indescribable. I was much relieved on awakening to find that it was only a dream. However, in three months after, my dream proved a reality, and ended my youthful life. J. R., 845 Park avenue.

## A Singular Coincidence.

I dreamed that I was standing in a gambling saloon near a table where there was a number of soldiers seated playing cards. I saw one of them draw a pistol and fire, another jumped up, when a third escaped from the place, but was pursued by the bartender, killed and thrown over an embankment by him. I saw the blood dripping from the bartender's hands as he returned. Next day we received a letter from a soldier in Montana saying one of his comrades was killed and thrown over an embankment the night before by a bartender in a gambling saloon in Montana. Mrs. C. D. TINDALL, Trenton, N. J.

## An Honest Dreamer.

On my way home from business last Tuesday, directly opposite THE EVENING WORLD office I found a pocketbook containing \$5.00. I determined to advertise it, knowing that if the party who had lost the money were on terra firma, the "ad." in THE EVENING WORLD would certainly be read and, sure enough, the following morning a gentleman appeared at the appointed place and described accurately the amount and contents of book. Thanking me kindly and counting out \$2.00 he was about to hand it to me when I awoke and found it was only a dream.

T. G. C.

1015 Summit avenue, Jersey City Heights.

## We Have No Wax Newsboys.

One night after having been at the Eden Musee, I scarcely touched the pillow when I dreamed that I was there again in the hall looking at the wax figure which represents a newsboy. When I wanted to pass on the way stopped and offered me an EVENING WORLD. I looked at him and said, "Sure, nearer to him." "Buy the EVENING WORLD and see the Dream Tournament," he exclaimed. My hand stretched after the paper, but suddenly he vanished. I awoke and did not see anything about me and at last I awoke, and saw that it only was a subject for the Dream Tournament. MORRIS G., 11 East Broadway.

## OUR "REWARD" IS THE PUBLIC WELFARE.

If the Necessary Amendment Is Adopted "The Evening World" Will Be Satisfied.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reading to-night's issue of THE EVENING WORLD my blood seemed to boil at the outrage in the Tina Weiss case. All credit to THE EVENING WORLD, and success to its amendment. As you did in the Jose Shephard case, so do in this, and your reward will come, if not in this world will surely in the world to come.

ALEX J. WARD,

149 East Eighty-second street.

## Unworthy of a Barbarous Race.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I seldom express myself upon what I read in papers, but in the matter of little Tina Weiss I speak as I feel. It is an outrage upon the humanity and human instincts that such an infamous law, not worthy of a barbarous race, should longer exist upon the statute books of a civilized people, whereby children can be taken from their parents, leaving them no appeal, as in the case at issue and that of Jose Shephard. It is also strange that human beings can be found who are so anxious to enforce this law. I am a father of two little girls. The people are with THE EVENING WORLD, and may success crown your efforts.

JUSTICE,

420 East Seventy-ninth street, New York City.

## OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

W. S. Holman

## A Double Tragedy at McDill, Wis.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 9.—George Schissel, a Bohemian aged thirty, yesterday fatally shot Ida Poltz, a seventeen-year-old waitress of a hotel at McDill. He then blew his brains out. The act was committed immediately after the girl refused his offer of marriage.

## Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, quickly conquering scrofula, salt rheum and all other insidious enemies which attack the blood and undermine the health. It also builds up the whole system, cures dyspepsia, headache and overcomes that tired feeling.

"I have been troubled by a scrofulous affection all my life. It is one of the marked recollections of my boyhood days, and for several years has rendered me unable to labor much. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I have been using at intervals for ten years, is the best thing I have ever taken. I am now 30, and my general health seems better than ever." H. D. ANDRETT, Warren, N. H.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses ONE DOLLAR

## THAT OUTRAGE.

Continued from First Page.

mother preparing the evening meal. She is about thirty-four years of age, and her thin, careworn face showed the traces of her bitter grief.

"She was as plump and healthy-looking as any young German countrywoman you ever saw when she landed from the steamer last summer," said Mrs. Solomon, who accompanied the reporter. "I never saw any one else so in my life."

With Mrs. Solomon acting as interpreter, Mrs. Weiss told the reporter that when she first came here she lived with her husband and child for about two months with the family of Isaac Gensberg, who had come over with them in the steamer, on a lower floor in the same building.

"I was in the Gensbergs' room with my husband," she said, "when the agent of the Society came to see us. He said he was a committee man from the Society, and he wanted to know who was the mother and father of Tina Weiss, said I was the mother, and he took me to his room."

"Who is that man on the lounge?" he asked, and I told him. Then he went out without asking any more questions. "At the Society there next time, told me that my husband was drunk in the room. It is untrue. He was not; neither was Mrs. Gensberg's brother. He was only a waiter."

Mrs. Weiss began to sob at the thought of her treatment by the Society people, and could not say anything more, and as she went about her work and tried to keep her mind successfully, to keep back the big sobs and to conceal her grief from her visitors.

"Sarah came home from school before the reporter went away. She is an uncommonly pretty child, with a bright, intelligent face, and is learning rapidly. The other children are no better than this one," said Mrs. Solomon, "and you can see how hard it must be for a mother to lose such a beautiful child."

Among those in the neighborhood who vouched for Mrs. Weiss's sobriety and respectability were Samuel Tootsky, the President of the Dinsburger Brothers Benevolent Society, and Mr. Buchalter, the stove dealer at Norfolk and Grand streets, and Morris Wetter, the clock manufacturer, of 95 Suffolk street, all of whom say that he is worthy of the respect and honor which he has in no way responsible for the loss of his child, and that he ought to have it back again as he is fully able to care and provide for it.

Mrs. Konelewski, who is in the wholesale jewelry business, has interested herself greatly in the case, and has obtained the cooperation of a number of lodges and societies to assist her in reclaiming her child.

She herself belongs to the Lady Foresters' Association, and her mother to the Galician Verein, a wealthy charitable association up to date.

Besides these are benevolent lodges connected with the synagogues in Eldridge, Norfolk and Heister streets, besides a dozen or more of which her father and friends are members.

A large fund will be raised to push the case if it is necessary to do so, and a large number of the Society have volunteered to assist themselves to give support to the movement.

Mrs. Konelewski thinks that the Society has been informed by its agents, or it never would have committed the outrage, and an injustice as has been committed in the present instance to go uncorrected.

She is willing to give bonds herself for the return of the child, and she has written the authorities of the Society were informed of the real facts of the case they would not hesitate a moment to return the child.

She has been in the city for five months, and is thoroughly convinced of the worthlessness of the cause.

Mrs. Weiss has been slandered by these agents of the Society, and she has written the World reporter to-day, "and the law ought to give him some protection for his character, if it does take his children away from him."

"I never supposed until I heard of this case that such things were possible here. I am convinced that if the people know what power these societies have, and the law they would not allow it to stand for a moment."

"I am prepared to push this case to the bitter end, and whatever money or assistance will be done, you may depend upon it that the matter will not stop here."

Lawyer H. F. Repper, who tried to get Tina produced in court on a writ of habeas corpus, said the reporter:

"I began proceedings in the Supreme Court last fall at the request of my client, Mrs. Solomon. As soon as the case came up, however, and I saw that the commitment of the police magistrate was regular, I knew very well that I could do nothing, and after two or three adjournments I dropped the proceedings for fear that I would prejudice the case."

Told Mr. Gerry and the counsel of the Society that I thought they had been misled in this case, and that a grave injustice had been done to the parents of the child.

"It was finally agreed between the counsel and myself that the child should be returned to the parents within two months, provided that upon investigation by the Society it was found that the parents had established themselves permanently and were proper people to have charge of the child."

"I told them this and they said they were waiting to get rooms in the house where they were living, and I said that if they did not get the child, I have not been called upon to do anything more in the case."

regarding the present law governing the cases of the commitment of children by police magistrates as a most unjust and tyrannical one, and there is not a fair-minded lawyer in the city who does not think the same. Simple-minded people often go to the magistrate and make some complaint against their children, such as an affidavit without ever dreaming that they are surrendering their control absolutely.

"It is the same with the children who are found in the streets and gobbled up by agents of some society."

"Nine cases out of ten, perhaps, it is the best thing; but when a meritorious case comes up where a wrong has been done, there is no remedy for it. The Society has an absolute control."

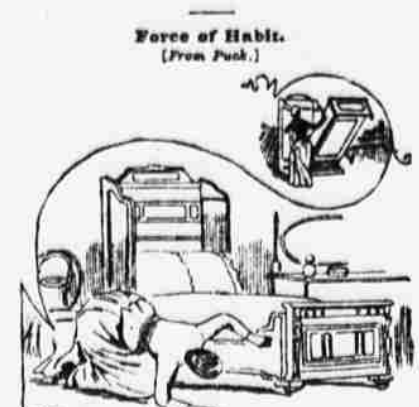
"The worst criminal has the right of appeal, but poor people who have been deprived of their children by this mistake, or at least by no fault of their own, have absolutely no right whatever."

"My experience in other cases of this kind convinces me that the present law is the worst of the most infamous outrages, and I hope, with all my soul, that THE EVENING WORLD will succeed in its efforts to have it repealed."

## ECHOES FROM WITVILLE.

SAYINGS OF THE FUNNY MEN WHO MIAI FROM THERE.

Force of Habit.  
(From Push.)



Mrs. Uptown Platte is so afraid of burglars that she never lets down the folding bed at night without looking under it for a man.

## A Welcome Relief.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)  
Servant (opening the door): Good pardon, General, but Mr. Bigglesch, the life insurance agent, is in the waiting-room.

Gen. Harrison (surrounded by office-seekers): Get on his list and cost and he'll be gone in about five minutes.

## The Sweet sorrow of Parting.

(From the Epoch.)  
"Clara," shouted the old man, "hain't that young fellow left the house yet? It's late."

"Yes, papa," answered the girl in a smothered huge-sigh tone of voice, "he's all ready; he's got on his hat and coat and he'll be gone in about five minutes."

## He Believed in License.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)  
"We can count you with us, I hope, Mr. Sprague," said the Prohibition Advocate to the coming post.

"No, I think not," said the long-haired one. "I believe in license, you see—poetic license!"

## It Wore His Eyes.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)  
"This small type," remarked the Snake Editor as he looked over a morning paper, "reminds me of the source of the Mississippi River."

## The Real Reason Why.

(From the Christian Advocate.)  
A gentleman, addressing the scholars of a large school, observed among the decorations about the room an American flag, and said: "Children, can any of you tell me why that flag was hung there?" To hide the dirt, quickly responded one sharp boy who had assisted in making the preparations for the occasion.

## Would Find Out.

(From the Terre Haute Express.)  
"Paw," said the little boy in the street car, "what is a monkey and parrot time?"

## A Great London Artist.

(From the London Globe.)  
We read that Mr. Sargent, who is painting or painting a portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, "has been very happy in the way in which he has caught the subtle, ever-changing expression of the face." On this he may fairly be congratulated. An artist who can reproduce an "ever-changing" expression must indeed be a great master.

## On the Georgia Sea-Board.

(From Time.)  
Enthusiast from the North—I was just watching those clouds over there. Note the beautiful red.



## THE GENUINE

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract,

THE BEST NUTRITIVE TONIC

FOR

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Weak and Debilitated.

Put up in this style of bottle.

Extract for the past five years in my private practice, and have found it to be the best health-restoring beverage and tonic known.

Have found it especially good for persons convalescing from fever, in cases of dyspepsia, for mothers nursing, and in cases of weakly children, and also in long troubles.

My attention was drawn by the immense importation semi-monthly, and about a million of bottles issued by you have passed my inspection in the Custom-House satisfactorily for the past five years.

Yours respectfully,

W. W. LAMB, M. D.

Chief Drug Inspector.

The "Genuine" is put up in this style of bottle.

Beware of imitations. The "Genuine" has the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" and "MORITZ KISSER" on the neck of every bottle.

Johann Hoff, Berlin, Prussia, Vienna.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agents, 6 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.

## WHO FIRED THE BOMB?

Brewer Stevenson Says It Was Done by Boycotters.

He So Reports to the Police and Asks for Redress.

More Damage Done to Neighboring Houses Than to the Brewery.

An excited crowd of men, women and children hung about David Stevenson's big brewery, at Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, this morning, and eagerly discussed the bold attempt made to wreck it with dynamite last night.

Mr. Stevenson was the coolest man in the vicinity.

He took an EVENING WORLD reporter from his office in the brewery building, on the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, around to Fortieth street, and there pointed out where the infernal machine had been placed.

The brewery takes up all the west side of Tenth avenue, from Thirty-ninth to Fortieth street, extending down both streets about two hundred feet in the direction of Eleventh avenue.

Sixty feet from Tenth avenue, on the south side of Fortieth street, there is a coal chute running from the sidewalk, through a passage built in heavy masonry into the kiln-room.

There is an open space about four feet wide and seven feet deep between the sidewalk and the brewery.

The coal chute crosses the open space, and the masonry inclosing it rises from the bottom to the level of the street.

A fence of iron bars about four feet high incloses the chute.

The bomb was placed or thrown against the base of the coal chute.

The explosion occurred at about 5.30 last evening. Mr. Stevenson had gone home.

E. Witham, his business manager, was closing the day's accounts in the office. Suddenly he was startled by the sound of crashing glass. He looked up to see the windows dropping out of the office on all sides of him.

Before he had time to jump out of his chair he experienced a sharp shock and heard one tell report like the simultaneous explosion of a dozen giant firecrackers. It left him tottering about the office.

At first he thought it was an earthquake. Then he remembered that the last earthquake had not affected him, that way, and concluded that a boiler had exploded in the engine-room. He rushed in there to find everything all right, but the working men were terribly alarmed.

Next he rushed into the street, and found a crowd of people standing around, frightened dumb. No one seemed to know what had occurred.

Every window in the south side of the five-story house, owned by Mr. Stevenson's niece, on the northwest corner of Fortieth street and Tenth avenue, had been blown out, and all was clear as if cut out with chisels.

There was a report that many people had been slaughtered in that building, and in every three ambulances were summoned, but fortunately it turned out, upon investigation, that they were not needed.

While many people had been severely cut and bruised, no one was injured seriously enough to be sent to a hospital.

From Fortieth to Forty-first street, on Tenth avenue, nearly every window in every house from store floors to top stories had been shattered.

John D. Lieth, a bartender in Henry Lieth's saloon, was arranging bottles behind the plate-glass saloon windows.

The explosion blew the heavy glass in thousands of pieces about him. He was not hurt, but his curly hair was thick with powdered glass.

Rosa Murphy, on the third floor of the same house, was out in the land.

Three women in the vicinity prematurely increased the population. Mothers and babies were doing well this morning.

All the windows in St. Raphael's Church, on Fortieth street, and the rectory were smashed.

The total damage, it is estimated, will reach \$2,500.

A working man on the east side of Ninth avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-first streets, was struck with a stone about the time of the explosion. It weighed about three pounds, struck the rim of his hat, and hit the left arm. He was hurt, so badly that he was sent to Roosevelt Hospital. The stone is like the masonry of the coal chute, and in all probability emanated from there.

To say that every one in that vicinity condemns the fiendish outrage is putting it mildly.

They would lynch the perpetrator could be found this morning.

So far the only clues found are a silk stocking, in which it is supposed that the infernal machine was wrapped, some wadding paper, with a small exploded paper cap, and a stout rubber band, that was blown into the room of a man named Murphy across the street.

To THE EVENING WORLD reporter Mr. Stevenson said this morning:

"I have not decided what reward I will offer for the arrest and conviction of the man or men who did this, but I am ready, if necessary, to spend every cent I own in hunting them down."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, the men or their sympathizers who have been boycotting me."

"Wages and work my men as easily as any union employer; but because I would not compel my employees to join the Union, or recognize the Union leaders myself, I have been boycotted."

"But have you any reason to think that they would resort to such measures as this for subjugating you?" he was asked.

"Reasons? I think I have. Here is a clipping from a Brooklyn paper, published Nov. 29 last, in which John O'Connell, President of the Ale and Porter Brewers' Association, says:

"We have secured the service of a lawyer to look after our interests, and there is no power in the city to prevent us from doing so."

The great benefits of MORRIS'S TEETHING CORDIAL are testified to by all who use it. 25 cents.

on earth can prevent us punishing Stevenson for his action of a deliberate plot to injure the laborer generally. We will drive him out of business. He is now hovering on the edge of a precipice, into which he will soon drop."

"This is even more significant," continued Mr. Stevenson, handing the reporter a copy of the published Jan. 29 last, stating that the Brewers' Protective Association had set aside \$500 for the purpose of pushing the boycott against Stevenson."

"Will not an estimate on the strength of these publications?" asked the reporter.

"Wholesale arrests will follow very shortly now, I warrant you," he replied. I am tired of the thing and mean to fight it to the bitter end, he concluded.

"Twenty-five dollars will cover all the damage done to the brewery."

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